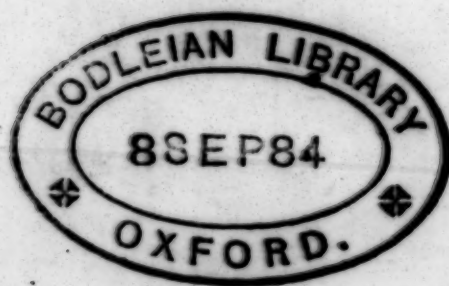


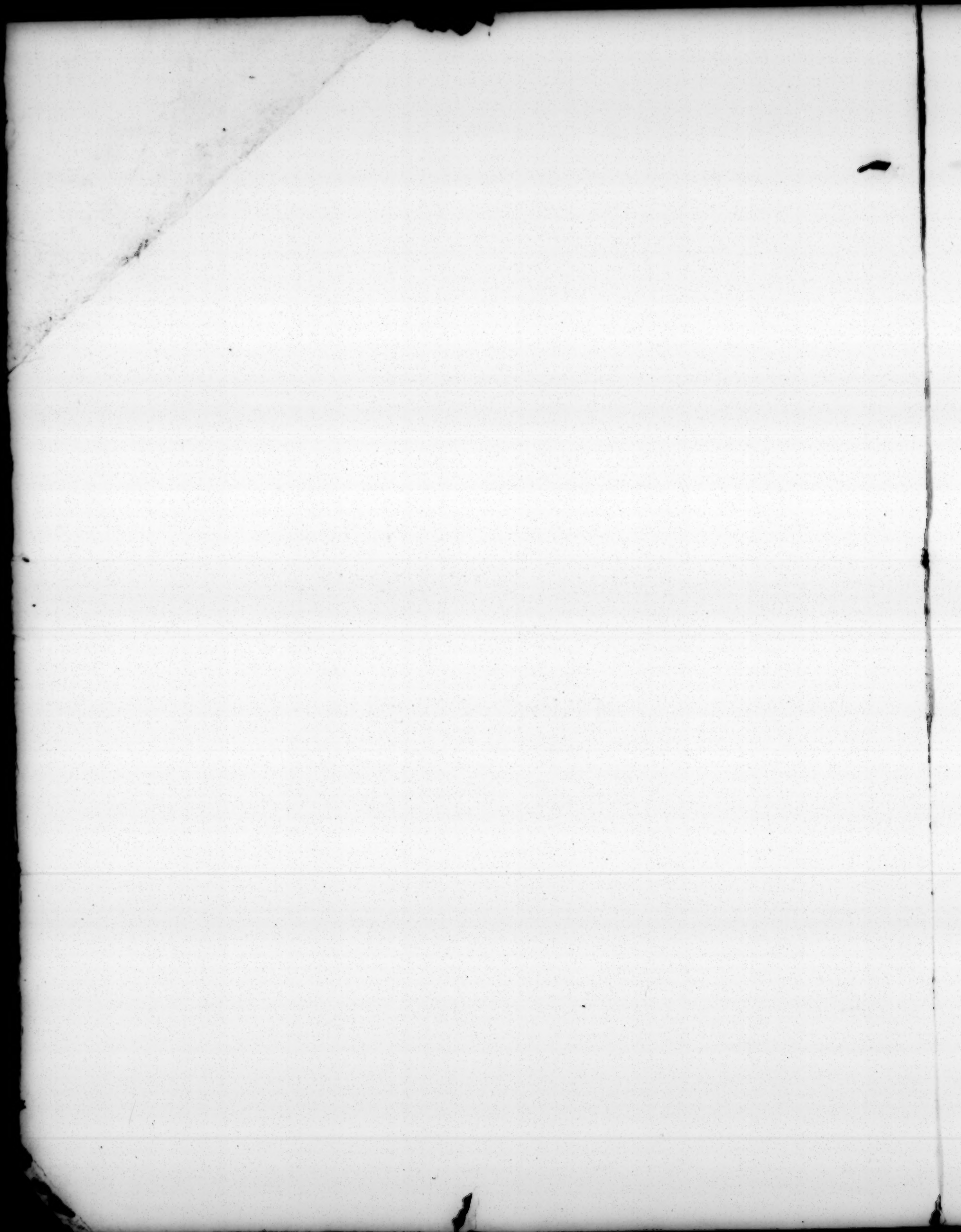
THRENODIA NORTHUMBRICA.
A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM
SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LADY ELIZABETH ANNE FRANCES PERCY.

[Price One Shilling.]



2499 . d . 2 . (1)

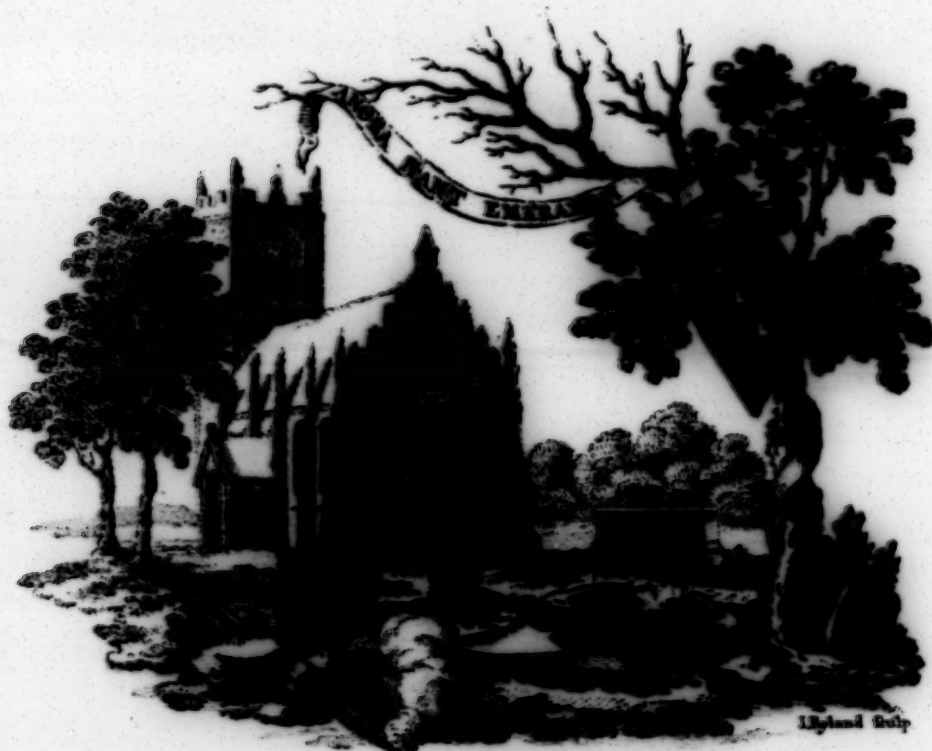
4160



THRENODIA NORTHUMBRICA.
A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM
SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LADY ELIZABETH ANNE FRANCES PERCY,
BY JAMES SHEELES
OF TRINITY COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE.

Βάλλε δ' ὦν τεφάνισι καὶ ἀνθεσι. —

BION.



L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR R. AND J. DODSLEY IN PALL-MALL;
AND SOLD BY M. COOPER IN PATER NOSTER ROW. 1761.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
Elizabeth Countess of Northumberland,
Baroness Percy, &c.

Madam,

I Hope the melancholy occasion of this poetical essay will atone for my presumption in addressing it to Your Ladyship. It was wrote, at a time when the heart felt too sensibly Your Ladyship's affliction, to be strictly attentive to the niceties of art; your judgement will therefore discover in it a few little irregularities, for your candour to overlook; yet would it be at this time much more unpardonable in me to be wholly silent, than to submit it as it is, to Your Ladyship's perusal.

The

DEDICATION.

The common subject of dedications, would be a most improper subject for this; for which reason I forbear to offend Your Ladyship's admirable sensibility and true greatness of mind, which is infinitely superior to the popular absurdity of a laboured compliment; nor could any thing be more unnecessary, since to the Patroness of Arts, and Sciences, we naturally affix the idea of whatsoever is good and great.

I have the honour to be

Your Ladyship's

most obedient,

and devoted servant,

JAMES SHEELES.

THRENODIA NORTHUMBRICA.

I.

HARK, th' Æolian lyre awakes - - -
Let Inspiration guard the ground,
Hush'd be each sound,
That breathes around,
And from the air its stillness takes.

Softly sweep the silver strings
Airs that in music dip your wings,
In sweet descant let it try
The various pow'rs of harmony;
For in that shell
Persuasives dwell
The fiercest pang of grief to quell,
From death and more than death to save,
And foil the after-horrors of the grave.

II.

Ah, cease the fruitless, vain endeavour,
Never (oh! sweet flatt'rer) never,

Never

Never can thy measur'd voice
Oppose the Providence of God's good choice.
Can music's voice awake the dead,
And charm their cold and chilly bed,
Or can its pow'r pervade the stone
Deaf as the dust it lies upon,
Can it unlock the silent tomb,
Where no sound shall ever come,
Save the dull beat
Of wand'ring feet
Which chance or sorrow lead.
Yet once it had almost prevail'd,
Though when almost succeeding, still it fail'd ;
Then cease the vain endeavour.

III.

Yet let poetic madness paint that hour,
When, as if through music's pow'r
We could redeem thy lovely form
And disappoint the worm ;

Ev'n

Ev'n GEORGE might sacrifice to thee,
An emp'ror, and an empire bend the knee.

But, ah ! she's dead
And swiftly sweet the lovely vision fled,
Ideal pleasures, tempt my thoughts no more,
Alas ! ye cannot life restore.

The harebell blue, and snow-drop pure
Can winter's frosty sky endure,
The partial skies their beauties spare
To spread their incense to December's air.
Then who can bear the ravage to consume
All Eden's best, accumulated bloom ?

IV.

Sweet Eliza, charming maid,
How low thy head is laid,
In the cold earth, all cheerless and forlorn
Untill th' alarming sounds, that warn
Th' appearance of that great, judicial morn,
Wake us with thee to rise.

B

Where

Where is the brightness of that eye,
 Where is thy sensibility,
 Thy decent tongue, thy modest sense
 Thy wit, that never gave offence ;
 Wisdom, far thy years above,
 And smiles that ravish'd us with love,
 Thy vermeil lip, thy roseate breath,
 Were these a conquest fit for death ?
 Yet pale and senseless, low they lie,
 As ever lay deformity.

V.

But was it these alone the Muse admir'd,
 Hark, the ever-living lyre
 Wakes into sounds of extacy and fire
 To sing of godlike innocence inspir'd.
 Now she breathes her loudest strain
 'Till pleasure verges upon pain ;
 'Till with its swelling accents rise
 Seraphic forms, that shoot along the skies,
 And warbling as they glance, fill up th'immortal symphonies.

(II)

And see, it melts the hard relentless rocks
To yield their honey down in many a rill

With all the choir

Of heav'nly wind, that works on heav'nly wire,

And mortal music mocks. - - -

But, ah ! forbear the aching sense to tire

And strain thy strings too high

For hark, the sounds by check'd exertions die,

Till at length

Their wasted strength

Expire,

And all is still. - - - -

VI.

When Orpheus strove

The Gods to move,

To restore his lovely bride,

Resolv'd to prove

The will of Jove,

He fill'd with music all the grove,

And charm'd the Styx to love - - -

- - - Nor was the boon denied.

So thou, whose mind
So much effected, and endur'd
Hast surely left none like thee here behind;
While in this careful world immur'd,
In sweet essays
Th' Almighty's praise
In ev'ry word, in ev'ry thought design'd,
At length the dove that joins the mystic Three
Inclin'd to thee,
For 'tis the vigorous pow'r of youthful piety
In strength to rise
Above the skies
Before whole hecatombs of purple sacrifice.

VII.

Between the cherubims th'Almighty shone
High on his everlasting throne,
But yet he heard his own.
Come, sweet cherub, come, said he,
Receive the crown of immortality
Prepar'd for such, and only such as thee.

(13)

Come, sweet cherub, quickly come,
Consign thy body to the tomb,
And leave thy soul to me.

Come, inherit
Joys as great, as is thy merit.
Thus spake the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit---
They spake ; but not as we----
From shadowy forms, and long deduction free
All Three concur'd
That such a faint should be preferr'd
And spake it, in one great, decisive word.

VIII.

He spake, and it was done, his will
Not needed time to finish fate,
But mercy interven'd, for still
She waited at his palace-gate.

Oh !

Oh Lord, thy servants hearts prepare,
For grief (she said) and not despair,
Propitious hear
Thy vot'ry's pray'r
Some ray of consolation grant,
From med'cine send some short relief,
Lest that the dart
Which rends her precious heart
Destroy the whole instead of part ;
Oh ! let God think upon his covenant,
Wherein he swore,
To drown the world no more,---
Then plunge it not in grief.
For by a sudden stroke,
The heart is broke,
When expectation blunts the edge of care---

Her

Her voice which never sued in vain
Th' Almighty blest'd with just applause,
And pleas'd to hear her votive strain
Address'd in such a pious cause,
Take, said he,
The firm decree
And work it, as seems best to thee.---

IX.

Then first, sweet maid,
Thy lovely form 'gan fade,
Now the rose thy cheek forsook
And left it pale,
Life's purple brook
By slow degrees
Began to cease.---
And now the musk-rose of the vale
Withdrew its balmy breath,
Alas! too fatal sign that death
His near approach had made.

X. Now

X.

Now nature held the mirror to thine eye,
And bade thee look through time, up to eternity ;
For though it was th' Almighty's voice,
Th' Almighty would it were thy choice---
But out alas ! what a sad change is here,
Her feeble voice essay'd to say,
Dusky Death has been too near,
Haste, hasty death away.---

Though since the worst be almost done,
And my quick-declining sun
Seems wistful, that his short-liv'd race were run,
Holy Father, hallow'd name
Who sit'st on heav'n's high throne,
Oh make my will, and thine the same,
And let thy will be done.

XI. She

XI.

She spake, and close at hand stood Death,
No frown the tyrant wore,
He only came to see her lose her breath
And never look'd so mild before,
When turning to her Friend she smil'd
Almost at Life's Expence,
To see a heart just-breaking, Grief-beguil'd
By happy knowledge of her innocence.
Give me thy friendly hand, she said,
It sooths my dying heart
To know when thy poor friend is laid,
Thou in her Parents grief shall share a part ;
(Oh couldst thou pour soft comfort's balm, and sooth
th' afflicted heart)
Whose duteous service sprang from love, and warms
e'en death's cold dart.

XII.

Oh Death! thy cruel sting is past enduring;

Instead of ending me 'tis curing

It has restored my wandring mind.

Soft.---Ah me---

It will not be---

I may not, must not live;

But see the ties which must be torn asunder,

Then can ye wonder,

That I should grieve,

In a wide world of woe, such friends to leave behind.

Ah see my fire

With grief expire,

His greatness sinks into the man;---in loose attire

See, see my mother wrings her hands

All desolate she stands

Forlorn, alone

And weeps herself to stone.

Wrap'd

Wrap'd in a sacred strain of pious thought
See her to higher grace, by melting nature brought.
Collected now her native majesty
Conceal'd the tear, repress'd the sigh,
See the sad mourner bow to Heav'n's supremacy.---

Death had survey'd
The lovely maid
While these last words were half unsaid ;
And now enamour'd grown
Willing to call the prize his own,
He touch'd---not struck his bride---
She knew the touch---and died.

E P I T A P H.

LOW at thy feet, a young and spotless maid,
Beneath the weeping marble's newly laid :
To a long line of ancient ancestry,
Where kings, and warriors, saints, and virgins lie,
Add one more fainted name ELIZABETH,
A noble PERCY, unsubdu'd by Death.
Her shrine, this abbey is, this vault her tomb,
Where many their last pilgrimage must come--
Kneel, and give praise, and rest to Heav'n resign'd,
For that's the lesson which she left behind.



In the Winter will be Published,
ODES on several Subjects, and **ACADEMIA**,
a Poem in Six Books.
By Mr. **SHEELES**.